

MT. STERLING ADVOCATE.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL, IDENTICAL IN INTEREST WITH ITS OWN PEOPLE.

VOL. V

MT. STERLING, KENTUCKY, TUESDAY OCTOBER 30 1894.

NO. 14

DO
YOU

WANT TO BUY A GOOD SUIT OF CLOTHES ?
WANT TO BUY A GOOD OVERCOAT ?
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They are made by the largest manufacturers, who employ the best skilled labor in the world. Shoes can be ordered by mail with ease. If they don't fit they can be returned to us. Why not write for our Fall Catalogue.

Men's Patent Leather Lace and Congress, 5 00, 5 50, 6 00.

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Men's Slippers, all colors, 1 50, 1 75, 2 00 and 2 25.

Ladies' Kid Button and Lace Shoe patent tip, opera toe and heel, A to E, 2 50, 2 75.

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Ladies' White Slippers, 1 50 and 2 00.

Infants' sole button and lace Shoes, black, white, pink and blue, -izes 0 to 4. Prices 50c, 60c and 75c.

Child Kid Button Shoes, patent tip and plain. Price, 1 00.

Children fancy colored Shoes and black leather, 1 35; B to E, 1 50, 2 25.

Misses' Kid Spring Heel Button Shoes, patent tip, A to E, 1 10 to 2, 2 25, 2 50.

The Chrysanthemum show to be held on Friday and Saturday of this week promises to far exceed that of last year. Messrs. Jephson have arranged with some of the finest growers in the country for specimen blooms of some of the newer varieties, and they will have on hand a choice but small collection of orchid blooms. The Mt. Sterling Florist Co. are growing some magnificent blooms, and if our readers wish to see a gorgeous sight, let them not miss the Chrysanthemum show. Premiums have been offered to children and adults, and all persons intending to compete for the premiums are requested to have their flowers at the Commercial Club room not later than 3 p.m. Friday, November 9th. We hope to see the Commercial Club room crowded on both days. Remember the show opens at 5 p.m. November 9th.

Born, to Robt. Ragan and wife, of Spencer, on Tuesday, Oct. 30, a daughter.

DEAD!

ALEXANDER, CZAR OF ALL
THE RUSSIANS,

Gone to Answer "Here" Before
The Master.

Azrael Makes No Distinction Be-
tween King and Peasant.

Money, Skill Nor Science Could
Close the Door

AGAINST THE UNWELCOME VISITOR.

The Czar of Russia, Alexander III, died at Livadia in the Crimea, on Thursday afternoon at 1:30 p.m. For months he had suffered much and for weeks the end has been almost daily looked for. He is succeeded by his oldest son Nicholas. Over the civilized world the news creates a profound sensation for the reason that it is not known what may be the policy of his successor, and upon that policy will probably depend the future peace of Europe.

A PEACEFUL MONARCH.

The dead monarch held the peace of Europe in his hand, and that hand was a strong one. At any time since the Franco-Prussian war he could have turned the whole of the continent into a military encampment, but his policy of peace was sincere. Thus sincerely Bismarck was the first statesman in Europe to penetrate, recognize and make it the basis of his diplomacy.

The man of blood and iron had no fear that France, after recovering from the war of 1871, would embroil the nations of Europe in a gigantic conflict. He trusted in Alexander III., and his trust was not a false one.

Now that a young man has ascended the Romanoff throne, disquietude and anxiety are the order of the day. Has he the strong arm of his father to control the warlike spirit of certain of his subjects? Can he resist the provocations of the Pan-Slavist party? Will he hold the martial and avenging spirit of France in check? Is he inclined toward peace, and has he the capacity to preserve peace?

Another question of vital significance is: "Who will his advisers be?" It is known that the young man is strongly philo-German in his sympathies, and the presumption is that he will select his advisers from the representatives of the German party at his court. If he does this the peace policy will be continued. If he does not, war may be declared at any moment. If his counselors are taken from the "war party" of Russia, and those who are philo-French in sympathy, the peace of Europe is endangered. A few days will clarify the atmosphere and suggest many things upon which to base a correct judgment. No ruler since Napoleon's time will be watched

so closely and anxiously as this man who now takes the scepter of Russia in his hand.

HIS LIFE—THROUGH MURDER THE CZAR
CAME TO THE THRONE.

Alexander III., Emperor of all the Russias, who succeeded to the throne on the murder of his father by nihilist conspirators on March 13, 1881, was born March 10, 1845. For some time after his elevation to the throne he seldom appeared in public, but lived in the closest retirement at Gatchina, being in constant dread of the machinations of the nihilists.

His coronation took place at Moscow May 27, 1883. He married, in 1866, Mary Feodorova (formerly Mary Sophia Frederica Dagmar), daughter of Christian IV., King of Denmark, and sister of the Princesses of Wales and the King of Greece.

The principal concern of the Czar was to put down nihilism; to develop the military power of Russia; to organize her Asiatic and Caucasian provinces, and to keep a steady eye upon Constantinople.

From the beginning of his reign, periodic attempts upon his life were made by nihilists. Twice officers in his own army tried to shoot him.

In 1888 he and his family narrowly escaped death in a railway accident near Borki. The train was thrown from the track and many passengers were killed, but the imperial family were hardly injured. The derailing of the train was supposed to be the work of nihilists.

Last spring a plot was formed in Finland to blow up the castle which the Czar was expected to occupy during the fall maneuvers around Smolensk. The police are still busily hunting down the conspirators.

The Czar was deeply religious. He was under the influence of such bigots as Pobozneff, Procurator of the Holy Synod, and his group, and persecuted the Jews, Catholics and German Lutherans in Russia without cessation or mercy.

He inherited with his Ministry of Foreign Affairs, Prince Gortchakov, a strong prejudice against the Germans, which was increased by the agitation of the Pan-Slavist War Party in his capital. Nevertheless he held fast to a peace policy.

The last year he reached an understanding with France during the visit of the Russian fleet at Toulon, and ever since Russia and France have been regarded as constituting a dual

alliance, counterbalancing on the continent the power of the Triple Alliance.

Nothing has been published, however, to show that any formal agreement between the two powers was signed or that the Czar pledged Russia to help France in recovering Alsace-Lorraine from Germany.

The Czar left five children, the Crown Prince Nicholas, 27 years old; the Grand Duke George, new ill in the south of Russia; the Grand Duchesses Xenia and Olga, and the Grand Duke Michael, a boy in his teens.

WILL WAIT—THE DEATH NOT LIKELY
TO CAUSE A WAR NOW.

Washington, D. C., November 1—

The report of the Czar's death to-day caused a flurry in diplomatic circles. Every one connected with the foreign legations is discussing the probable effect upon the peace of Europe.

Speaking on this point, John A. Kaasbo, formerly United States Minister to Austria-Hungary, who had ample opportunity to form a correct opinion, said:

"The effect of the Czar's death upon Europe depends, of course, upon the character of his successor—a character not yet developed sufficiently for our information of Europe and still less for our information this side of the Atlantic. The probability is that it will have no immediate effect in the disturbance of peace. The cause is not enough immediate hostility on the part of any power in Europe, and certainly no new cause of aggression will be created so long as the diplomacy of the Continent is ignorant of the part which the Russian Emperor would be devoted to the young people and the children."

County Superintendent of Schools L. N. Horton informs us that he has been advised by the State Superintendent that he will not be ready for the November distribution. Mr. Horton regrets this as much as any one could, and will notify the teachers when the money comes to hand. Mr. Horton is assured that the distribution of 40 per cent will be ready during the month of December.

On last Saturday afternoon Mrs. John H. Oldham and daughter, Miss Mary, had been to this city and returning to the bridge crossing Hinton on the Levee just above the New Market distillery when their carriage came uncoupled and ran off the bridge falling a distance of about 8 feet to the bed of the creek. Mrs. Oldham was severely injured and it is feared that her injuries will prove serious.

She was taken to a residence near by and a physician summoned. On Sunday she was removed to her home. Miss Mary received no injuries.

Elder H. D. Clark, of the Christian church, fitted his pulpit Sunday, beginning his eighth year of work here. His sermon was a review of the history of the church during the past seven years, and at the request of the congregation, we will next week publish his sermon.

Brother Clark has done a grand work here during his seven years pastorate, and has daily grown into the hearts of the people for whom he preaches. He may be pardoned if, with a not unnatural pride, he points to the work of the last seven years, which, as the humble servant of the Master, he has borne so prominent a part.

If the Republicans should succeed in this Democratic county, they would say we bought your Democrats and they would call them by such mean expressions and names as those: The poor farm hand would be called "Baged Bill." The farmer and businessman "Bill," and the old Democratic war horse who has fought your battles, "Old Traitor Bill," washay washey irresponsible as changeable as the winds, without standing or influence.

Gentlemen, Democrats, friends, you can be Kings among Democrats, but you would be worse than hungry curs with a negro crowd.

**ENOCH'S
BARGAIN
HOUSE !**

We have just received the largest line of goods we have ever been able to buy for as little money, and with each purchase over One Dollar we will give a nice present, the larger the purchase the nicer the present.

**Queensware &
Glassware.**

We will sell this line of goods for less money in nine goods than we were ever able to buy before. Call and see how we can sell you nice decorated ware.

**Cloaks and
Jackets.**

We have a nice line of Misses' Long Cloaks \$ from \$1.50 up and a nice line of Ladies' JACKETS

Carpets,

Matting,

Wall Paper.

We will sell you nice Matting by the roll, 10c per yard, Carpets from \$1.50 up, Wall Paper, we are better fixed in this line of goods than ever before to give you a nice line to choose from at a low price.

**Our 5c and 10c
Room.**

Under the management of Mr. G. C. Fogg, was never in better shape for less goods and less money than at present. Our 5c and 10c counters have thousands of articles which are worth double the price other places.

Cook Stoves.

We still have a big line and for the next thirty days we will give some Big Bargains in this line. Good Cook Stoves for \$4.50 up, and every article we sell is given perfect satisfaction or money refunded.

Our house is to sell low for the spot, low. Follow us around and you will find the place.

→ **ENOCH'S** →

**Bargain
House.**

Main St., Mt. Sterling.

E. H. WUERDEMAN,
No. 58 Thirteenth St., bet. Vine and Main.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.
LADIES' AND GENTS' APPAREL

Cleaned, Dry Cleaned and Dyed

To Give Satisfaction, Without Rippling.

SPECIAL MOURNING DEPARTMENT—Full Trimmed Dresses Dyed in 3 to 5 days.

Experience has proven that the best prevention against insects is to have your garments well cleaned and dried before packing them away for the season. Send for catalogues.

E. H. WUERDEMAN, at 58 Vine St., Cincinnati.

ISA M. WILKERSON, at L. E. Payne's.

Under the management of Mr. G. C. Fogg, was never in better shape for less goods and less money than at present. Our 5c and 10c counters have thousands of articles which are worth double the price other places.

Has
You
Anything
To
Sell?

Then advertise in the ADVOCATE. It will be certain to find you a purchaser

WHO . . .

DOES YOUR INSURING?

FIRE,
LIFE,
TORNADO,
ACCIDENT.

WHY . . .

CAN'T WE DO IT?

STRONG COMPANIES,
EXPERIENCED
UNDERWRITERS.

J. G. & R. H. WINN,

MONEY TO LOAN ON
REAL ESTATE. Mt. Sterling, Ky.

14 COURT PLACE

ON THE QUAY.
Where at the end of the wave washed quay,
There where the sunbeams, eddying mottled,
Over the rippling waves booted to me,
Shone like a star on my watching sight.
When a bird's wing flashed in the distance
Each wave was a shivered jewel of light.
With it fell

To come to the world that are waiting here,
Or will rushing winds bring doubt and fear.
Make me poor be a true heart's bair!
God knows.
He gave us the mysterious human mind,
If thy love is my lonely port shall find,
God's hand guideth every withering wind.
Methuselah!

Ah, but my wits with the water of life,
And freighted with love, years ago,
I dreamt of happy days, and so

I live.
The lapping waves with the bright dash
Of the sun, the brilliant dash
I hear the sound of its measured plan.

Ah, me!

Over the water, the mystery sea,
That boat has been drifting away from me.

The night is so noisy I cannot see.

But the time will come when a shadowy mass
Ccomes to me near by a broken beam.
I shall be alone, and the world will be calm.

My place

In the winter, the pale on the whitewash bay,
In a storm of rain or the lightning's play,
I pray it may be on a summer's day.

I am

N. A. M. Bow in Good Housekeeping.

A VICTIM OF TWINS.

Mr. and Mrs. Prescott stood on the piazza at the side of their cottage by the sea watching the twins. Standing with their backs to their parents, those young gentlemen were proudly regarding a gigantic back not at the end of their tennis court. Directly behind the net was a small grove of scrubby pines which in the twilight showed merely as an irregular blotch of black.

Dressed alike in suits of white flannel, the twins appeared against this in bold relief, like white silhouettes.

The back stop which the twins were so proudly regarding was to tell the truth, very shaky. They had somehow found an old fish net which they had nailed to two poles. So much of the work had been easy, but the task of setting the poles upright in the ground had been long and difficult.

When the uprights were finally planted and their bases abundantly bolstered with rocks, they appeared desirous to fall into each other's arms, like long lost brothers. A tennis ball driven swiftly and accurately into the center of the net would undoubtedly have brought them together. But the twins thought their work perfect.

Mr. Prescott casually noticed that one of the boys had his hands in his pockets.

"Tell him," said he to his wife, "to take his hands out of his pockets."

"Is it Max or Mort?" asked the mother.

"Oh, I don't know!" said her husband.

"Neither do I," returned his wife. They both laughed a little.

"Why did you let them get those ridiculous names?" asked Mr. Prescott.

"In that dress it is impossible to tell them apart."

"They've got on different colored neckties," said his wife.

"Well, ask them to turn round."

"Oh, boys!" called Mrs. Prescott.

The twins turned with precision, and faced their parents expectantly. The one on the left wore a blue, the one on the right a red scarf. The one on the right was Mort; the one on the left was Max.

"Mort," said his mother, "take your hands out of your pockets."

Max tittered as Mort sheepishly obeyed. Then both came forward.

"Boys," continued their mother, "your father and I are going to drive over to the Blakes' this evening. Maggie is going out too. Do you think you can go to bed quietly at the proper time?"

"Yes'm," said Max.

"Of course," said Mort.

A few minutes later as she and her husband were driving out of the yard, Mrs. Prescott caught sight of the servant leaving the house.

"I wonder who it is," said Maggie, "she called. "Mr. Prescott and I will not return till late."

"Yess'm," said Maggie.

"Come on, then."

A few minutes later as she and her husband were driving out of the yard, Mrs. Prescott caught sight of the servant leaving the house.

"I wonder who it is," said Maggie, "she called. "Mr. Prescott and I will not return till late."

"Yess'm," said Maggie.

At the moment a lank pedestrian was walking lazily along the road. By a certain added self consciousness in his gait a close observer might have guessed that the brief dialogue was not without its interest for him. This was Styggles, a man whom an uncharitable lad had without remorse christened Hodijah.

His father, Hodijah said, had taken many advantages of him.

"I hear," he added, "of men with an elephant on their hands, and I guess they was sort of embarrassed, but I'm the only man I know of whose father made him a birthday present of two elephants. Styggles, I've got to drive them two elephants—one of 'em Hodijah and t'other Styggles—tame all my life, I guess I may be excused if I'm doing anything else, the work is wearin'."

Consequently Hodijah was the most completely shiftless man in the not far distant village where he lived. When he could not avoid it,

he had odd jobs about town, but for the most part he loafed.

On this particular evening Hodijah was on his way to join some cronies who were going out in a boat, ostensibly to fish. Until Mr. and Mrs. Prescott had driven by him he walked as if on his way to the bedside of a dying friend. Then he began to act as if he had suddenly occurred to him that his friend's name was Methuselah. And as he loitered thought.

"That ere city chap that jest drove by," he said to himself, "was a mighty slick lookin' feller. Guess they han't been sufficin' much up where he lives for a meal of vittuchs. Hain't et all they've got, most likely. Got so much on hand probly they have to feed cold roast chicken and mince pie to the pigs ev'ry mornin'. Won't be surprised if a surprise is in store for me."

"Why my soul and body, it's a sin and a shame," his thoughts went after some wandering. "There ain't no sense in pamperin' pigs sich a fashion nobow."

I guess twonle will be doin' harm if I sh'd kindeh git ahead of that feller's pigs. Train't likely they'll keepr, not havin' no particular pref'rence for roast chicken, so far as I knowons. I guess that city feller's just lives feed 'em on plain swill, jest for once. It'd be a pity for them to have to go to such a place as this."

As he landed on the other side he gave a startled "Ugh!" Then he laughed. The laugh came when he discovered that the white thing he had stepped on was nothing more harmful than a piece of linen, blown probably from the Proscott's clothes-line.

"I guess there ain't nothin' white that wouldn't scare me off for dunders in the dark," he reflected.

He had an infinitesimal sure that what he saw before him was a savvy fellow who seemed half scared, though in the dim light it seemed to be. Anyway, if the intruder was frightened, he reflected sagely, why should he himself be?

So, to make sure, he put out one white foot and with questioning eyes stepped down one stair.

The movement was too much for Hodijah. With a gurgled yell he sprang into the sitting room, crashed through the window, cleared the azza at a bound and sped toward the door, followed by pieces of the rear of the house.

Mort, stopping to comprehend no more than that the enemy was in full flight, uttered a whoop of victory, though, per contra, green apples isn't good for "dem muck hurt nuther. Anyhow I'll risk it."

Saying so, Hodijah slunk in among the trees of the Prescott orchard, there to await the proper moment for his contemplated attack upon the Proscott pantry.

The twins, like the good boys they were, sat at the feet of a Once in bed, however, they thought that it was sin to enjoy a vigorous if brief pillow fight. Then they lay quietly for a little while, but presently Mort rolled over and whispered in Mort's ear:

"Come on, Max; come on!" he shouted and plunged after the flying Hodijah.

The candle went out. Mort flung it away. His long nightgown both ered him; but, like a racer who guards in his loins, he gathered it about him and away! so excited he scarcely knew what he was doing. Certainly in this moment he was an old figure of a giant.

The frightened Hodijah ran wild on. Once he looked over his shoulder. There behind him followed the white figure and seemed to his heated imagination fairly to fly over the rooftops.

"Sitting on a burglar!" cried Max and Mort.—Charles Miner Thompson's Youth's Companion.

The northern front.

Many are the attempts to identify the forbidden fruit. Some say it was the fig; others the grape; others again, the pomegranate, but the most "Arabian Nightish" description paints it as an ear of wheat, which looked like a ruby and grew on a tree whose trunk was like gold, its branches like silver and its leaves emerald.

Our first parents were expelled about 3 o'clock of the afternoon of Friday, the 10th of May, having resided in Eden seven years, two months, two weeks and two days.

Adam, according to Ceylon, Eve to Mecca, and they remained apart for 200 years. Adam, according to some accounts, spent half his time weeping with his face to the earth. Others less charitable aver that his solitude was cheered by Lilith, who resented her former relationship with him.

When he repented and rejoined Eve, he begged that something might be given him from the happy experience which he had lost, and, led him to a grove to pluck three mighty archangels were sent to him.

Michæl, bringing gold; Gabriel, frankincense, and Raphael, myrrh, mystic gifts, in after years associated with the offering of the mazd, whom early Christians tradition identified with Epoch, Melchisedek and Elias.

All the Year Round.

The Moquito at Business.

The little insect drops gently and daintily down on the spot it has selected for its attack, and the delicate soft of light and airy a being it is likely to leave the victim unconscious of its presence unless he has actually set it settle.

Then the proboscis is pointed downward and the tiny lips that form its tip press against the flesh. The bristles being then pressed into the skin, the blood is drawn off.

Finally, to make assurance doubly sure, he sat down—a solid ghost!—plumbly on Hodijah's nose. From this novel resting place, to an accompaniment of gasps and gurgles from beneath, he began halloing to the death.

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Then it occurred to him that his brother must be growing impatient, and he got up to go to him, pie in hand. As he did so he heard Mort shouting outside the house, and full of surprise, made his way to the piano.

It was the face of a young boy, and it was white and beautiful. In the brief space during which the match flamed up every line of that still face was burned into Hodijah's memory

as if with a brand. In a second more wild remorse filled his heart, mingled with fear. He arose and fled. He had entered the house by one of the long casement windows which opened from the sitting room upon the pizza at the side. To reach the sitting room he must pass through the front hall. Thither consequently he rushed, careering now what noise.

"I'm coming!" he shouted. "I'm comin'!"

"Come on, Max, help me hold this burglar!"

The word "burglar" cured Max at once of all his pains. In his excitement he no longer took count of so small an ill as a headache.

"I'm comin'!" he shouted. "I'm comin'!"

"Get on his legs and stop his kickin'," said Mort breathlessly when his brother arrived. "There, that's it. He's all right now, I guess. Just think, Max, we've caught a burglar! I guess won't laug at us any more now. My, won't he be surprised now? I wish I had that pie, just the same!"

"I've got it," said Max, and the boys began munching the pie, seated tranquilly on Hodijah's back.

"Take to the dogs," they told Mort.

"I guess you're the son of the so-and-so," said Hodijah. "I guess you're the son of the so-and-so."

"Why, I ran into a deer or somethin', and just laid me down, I didn't hear anything till you called. Say, where'd you find the burglar? Was he in our room? My, if I'd seen him!"

"Twan't in the room," said Mort.

"I heard you tumble, but didn't think anything of it. Then you didn't come back, and I was afraid you was eatin' all the pie. And I met the burglar in the hall. You bet he was."

Hodijah, who had been lying still for a few moments collecting his scattered sensas, now spoke.

"Well, I rather guess we are," said Mort.

"Waa," said Hodijah, "I'm very glad on it; you kin bet your bottom dollar on that without much rest, now I tell ye." He heaved a sigh of unutterable relief.

"What does he mean?" said Max to Mort.

"I'm sure I don't know," said Mort.

"How comes it that you two fellers look so consarned alike?" asked Hodijah after a pause.

"We're twins!" said Max.

"Oh, ye be?" muttered Mr. Styggles.

"Ye're twins?" he resumed after a moment's thought. "ye needn't off' me none of that pie, 'cause I don't want none."

Soon the moon, which rose late that evening, flooded the grounds with pale light. Mr. and Mrs. Prescott, arriving in the yard, saw the two boys at a bend and sped toward the door, followed by pieces of the rear of the house.

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The greater part of the length of the stilettoes is then plunged into the victim's flesh, and the blood is drawn up the fine interstices of the composite borer. The wound, though six instruments are concerned in making it, is extremely minute.—Our Household Insects.

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Hodijah, who had been lying still for a few moments collecting his scattered sensas, now spoke.

"Well, I rather guess we are," said Mort.

"Waa," said Hodijah, "I'm very glad on it; you kin bet your bottom dollar on that without much rest, now I tell ye." He heaved a sigh of unutterable relief.

"What does he mean?" said Max to Mort.

"I'm sure I don't know," said Mort.

"How comes it that you two fellers look so consarned alike?" asked Hodijah after a pause.

"We're twins!" said Max.

"Oh, ye be?" muttered Mr. Styggles.

"Ye're twins?" he resumed after a moment's thought. "ye needn't off' me none of that pie, 'cause I don't want none."

Soon the moon, which rose late that evening, flooded the grounds with pale light. Mr. and Mrs. Prescott, arriving in the yard, saw the two boys at a bend and sped toward the door, followed by pieces of the rear of the house.

Mort, stopping to comprehend no more than that the enemy was in full flight, uttered a whoop of victory, though, per contra, green apples isn't good for "dem muck hurt nuther. Anyhow I'll risk it."

Saying so, Hodijah slunk in among the trees of the Prescott orchard, there to await the proper moment for his contemplated attack upon the Proscott pantry.

The twins, like the good boys they were, sat at the feet of a Once in bed, however, they thought that it was sin to enjoy a vigorous if brief pillow fight. Then they lay quietly for a little while, but presently Mort rolled over and whispered in Mort's ear:

"Come on, Max; come on!" he shouted and plunged after the flying Hodijah.

The candle went out. Mort flung it away. His long nightgown both ered him; but, like a racer who guards in his loins, he gathered it about him and away! so excited he scarcely knew what he was doing. Certainly in this moment he was an old figure of a giant.

The frightened Hodijah ran wild on. Once he looked over his shoulder. There behind him followed the white figure and seemed to his heated imagination fairly to fly over the rooftops.

"Sitting on a burglar!" cried Max and Mort.—Charles Miner Thompson's Youth's Companion.

The northern front.

Many are the attempts to identify the forbidden fruit. Some say it was the fig; others the grape; others again, the pomegranate, but the most "Arabian Nightish" description paints it as an ear of wheat, which looked like a ruby and grew on a tree whose trunk was like gold, its branches like silver and its leaves emerald.

Our first parents were expelled about 3 o'clock of the afternoon of Friday, the 10th of May, having resided in Eden seven years, two months, two weeks and two days.

Adam, according to Ceylon, Eve to Mecca, and they remained apart for 200 years. Adam, according to some accounts, spent half his time weeping with his face to the earth. Others less charitable aver that his solitude was cheered by Lilith, who resented her former relationship with him.

When he repented and rejoined Eve, he begged that something might be given him from the happy experience which he had lost, and, led him to a grove to pluck three mighty archangels were sent to him.

Michæl, bringing gold; Gabriel, frankincense, and Raphael, myrrh, mystic gifts, in after years associated with the offering of the mazd, whom early Christians tradition identified with Epoch, Melchisedek and Elias.

All the Year Round.

The Moquito at Business.

The little insect drops gently and daintily down on the spot it has selected for its attack, and the delicate soft of light and airy a being it is likely to leave the victim unconscious of its presence unless he has actually set it settle.

Then the proboscis is pointed downward and the tiny lips that form its tip press against the flesh. The bristles being then pressed into the skin, the blood is drawn off.

Finally, to make assurance doubly sure, he sat down—a solid ghost!—plumbly on Hodijah's nose. From this novel resting place, to an accompaniment of gasps and gurgles from beneath, he began halloing to the death.

The greater part of the length of the stilettoes is then plunged into the victim's flesh, and the blood is drawn up the fine interstices of the composite borer. The wound, though six instruments are concerned in making it, is extremely minute.—Our Household Insects.

C. & O.

Chesapeake and Ohio

RAILWAY.

New York, Philadelphia, Washington.

Boston

And all Eastern Cities.

Time Card in Effect May 28, 1894.

From Mt. Sterling.

East Bound Leaves Mt. Sterling

Atlantic Express, No. 24, daily..... 8:25 a.m.

Midland express, No. 25..... 12:15 p.m.

Vestabul Express, No. 34, daily..... 2:50 p.m.

Mt. Sterling Express, No. 25, arr..... 7:00 p.m.

*Daily except Sunday.

South Bound Leaves Mt. Sterling

Lexington, Ky., 8:25 a.m.

Midland express, 8:45 a.m.

Atlantic Express, 10:30 a.m.

Midland express, 12:15 p.m.

Atlantic Express, 2:50 p.m.

Midland express, 4:30 p.m.

Atlantic Express, 7:00 p.m.

Midland express, 8:00 p.m.

Midland express, 10:00 p.m.

Midland express, 12:00 a.m.

Midland express, 2:00 a.m.

Midland express, 4:00 a.m.

Midland express, 6:00 a.m.

Midland express, 8:00 a.m.

Midland express, 10:00 a.m.

Midland express, 12:00 p.m.

ADOCATE PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Tuesday, October 30, 1894.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

For Railroad Commissioner.
We are authorized to announce
John C. Wood as a candidate for Railroad
Commissioner, for the Eastern
District of Kentucky, subject to the
action of the Republican party.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

Election, Tuesday, November 6,
For Congress,

HON. JO. M. KENDALL,

of Floyd county.

For Congress,

(short term)

HON. W. M. BECKNER,

of Clark county.

I am a candidate for Constable of the 3rd district, composed of the precincts of Spencer, Howard's Mill and Hart, subject to the will of the Democratic voters at the November election 1894.

H. L. WILLIAMS.

County Ticket.

County Judge,
A. B. WHITE.County Attorney,
A. A. HAZELRIGG.County Clerk,
LUCIEN B. GREENE.Sheriff,
WILLIAM SLEDD.Jailer,
J. W. CHENAULT.Assessor,
ALLEN McCORMICK.Coroner,
GEORGE C. EASTIN.Surveyor,
J. M. OLIVER.Magistrate, District No. 1,
HOWARD C. HOWELL.Constable, District No. 1,
M. C. CLAY.Magistrate, District No. 2,
JOHN W. MORRIS.Constable, District No. 2
JAMES GIBBONS.Magistrate, District No. 3,
R. B. CROOKS.Constable, District No. 3
HENRY C. DUFF.Magistrate, District No. 4,
JOHN TRIMBLE.Constable, District No. 4,
ROBT. CHAMBERS.

Put your X inside the square,
This votes the ticket straight.

Vote early.

Vote the straight ticket.

Vote for the white man's nominee.

Mat Clay has made a good offer, then continue him in office. He is a Democrat, vote for him for that reason also.

Col. Ion B. Nail, candidate for Commissioner of Agriculture, was in the city Monday morning with our people. Col. Nail will have no trouble to get the nomination and less to be elected. He is strictly an agriculturalist, in touch with all agricultural interests, both as a practical farmer and as an editor of a farm journal.

Democrats, go ye to the polls early to-day, and vote for your freedom. It is within the memory of men living today who were compelled to cast their votes when negroes stood guard at the polls with fixed bayonets. Mr. Matt Anderson remembers the day, and cast his vote in this county under those circumstances. Place the Republicans in charge of the South and they will repeat the dose. Hav'n't they threatened it? What did they want with the Force Bill, which the editor of the Gazette was so much in love with? They only wanted an opportunity.

Somebody Has Lied.

The Gazette in its last issue devotes column after column to Judge Apperson's administration of the county affairs. We are not posing as the defender of, or apologist for, Judge Lewis Apperson, the man. He is a man among men, who is amply able to take care of himself. In any controversy in which he is personally interested, he would not thank any newspaper to assume his defense. But when it comes to his official acts it is different. We claim the right, and shall exercise it, whether it suits him or any one else, to reply to the strictures and wildly false accusations of the Republican organ over the way. The editor of that paper dared to assert, at the beginning of the campaign, that Mr. O'Rear had openly charged that there was something wrong with the management of county affairs, during Judge Apperson's term, and that the charge went unfounded. He must know that he did not state a fact when he made that statement; for in the very next issue, for reasons best known to himself, he recanted it. In his issue of October 31st he virtually repeats this same infamous, and wholly without foundation, statement. He knows that Mr. O'Rear, when called to account for his insinuation, did distinctly and unequivocally state that he (O'Rear) was thoroughly satisfied that there was nothing that had even the appearance of crookedness during the past eight years. The editor of the Gazette could not have failed to hear Mr. O'Rear's complete back-down from his first assertion. The committee appointed by the County Committee, composed of some of the very best men in the county, who could neither be begged, bullied or bought over to make themselves parties to any kind of a white-washing scheme, state positively and distinctly that they have examined these records and found them straight and clean. Now, there is but one of two things true: either that committee lied or the editor of the Gazette has done so. We do not believe, nor do we think there is a decent man in the county who does believe, that the men who compose that committee would make themselves party to a falsehood.

Vote for A. B. White because he is a Democrat and represents the principles of his party. Vote against Ed C. O'Rear because he is a Republican, and represents the practices of his party.

Lucien B. Greene is a Democrat, who has never failed to be found standing up for his party when it needed him; he is a Democrat as true and faithful as any man who lives. Kirkpatrick is a Republican with all that attaches to the party of which he is a fair representative.

Matt Clay is not a whit behind either Mr. White or Mr. Green in his fidelity to party principle. He has been tried in the office he seeks at your hands, and has rendered to you that prompt and efficient service that you wished. Wallace McMahan, if he is anything, is a Republican who blindly and strictly follows the beliefs of his party leaders, be those beliefs what they may.

White, Greene and Clay are Democrats; O'Rear, Kirkpatrick and McMahan are Republicans. This simple fact should be all that a good Democrat needs to tell him how he should vote.

To-day is to be fought all over this great country a wonderful battle. True, it is a bloodless one, but nevertheless as veritable a one as Mission Ridge or the Wilderness. The questions to-day will be decided by the people themselves as to their judgment or their personal interests may direct. This is an "off year". It is true, but there will, beyond a doubt, be a full vote polled all over the country. Both the great parties have been exceedingly active in their endeavors to bring out their vote. Whether the Democrats shall retain entire control of the Government for the next two years depends upon the result of to-day's voting.

It is the undisputed prerogative of the people to decide this question, and they will exercise this prerogative to-day. The eyes of the public are on the Congressional races, and Mr. Hill's great race for Governor of New York. It is a battle of the giants, and everybody is anxiously awaiting the result to see who is the "under fellow."

To-day tells the tale. Shall we have whose party is mainly composed of negroes to fill our offices, or shall we have men who are representatives of white men to fill them?



As Mat Anderson Voted Once,

And as good Southern Democrats would have to do to-day if Republicans had their way.

Young Democrats, remember the insults to your fathers' liberty, and vote with the white man's party. This is no far-fetched story. It occurred in your own county of Montgomery and State of Kentucky. Sweet revenge is to keep your heel on the head of the Republican serpent.



One of Ed. O'Rear's handlers of his \$20 bills.



BEST FOR SHIRTS.

THE PRODUCER & GAMBLE CO., CINC.

We saw on the streets the other day an old rascal who is an accredited thief, lecherous vagabond and an unconscionable scoundrel generally, preaching what purported to be a sermon.

We read the other day in a paper that never has been accredited by the community in which it lives with any very high regard for decency or propriety, a lecture to its contemporaries on the manner of conducting their business.

Whenever the Devil turns preacher, or certain well known time servers assume the role of moral lecturers, it is well for the readers of their disquisitions to look between the lines and see what is writ there.

Mr. W. J. Lampton of Washington, D. C., one of the real funny men of the world, famous in his writings in the Detroit Free Press, is doing some good work for the Courier-Journal, in writing up our best towns, Mt. Sterling came in for her share in Saturday's issue. It is a complete article, representing our leading industries and giving a forecast of Mt. Sterling's bright future. Every revenue of the city, as they from our own county or others adjacent thereto had a mention, and comparing them with other cities, we are proud to know that we stand in the lead of our sister cities. Thank you, Bro. Lampton.

The Japanese are winning victories so often as they can find a Chinese army willing to meet them. There has been heavy fighting north of Port Arthur, with the usual result. The Japanese captured the towns of Kinchow and Toliawan. A naval engagement, of which the details are unknown, occurred Saturday—Conquer-Journal.

SHIP YOUR PRODUCE TO
KIRKPATRICK & JOHNSON
1011 Liberty St., Pittsburg, Pa.,
AND YOU WILL RECEIVE

The Highest Cash Prices!

→Buy Outright←

OR HANDLE ON COMMISSION

Eggs, Butter, Cheese, Poultry, Apples, Potatoes, Grain,
HIDES, ETC., ETC.

CARLOTS A SPECIALTY.

SEND FOR OUR PRICE LIST.

ACCIDENTAL SHOOTING.

Sheriff's Sale for Taxes

Artie Fitzpatrick, Whisky, and a
Pistol Cause Some Excite-
ment.

Marcus Dean, colored, Shot

Yesterday afternoon in the Demo-
Headquarters Artie Fitzpatrick, who
was drunk was flourishing a pistol
most too promiscuously to suit some
of the bystanders and Mat Clay
caught the gun and undertook to take
it away from him. At the same time
Robert Cooley, another bystander,
grabbed Fitzpatrick and tripped him.
In the fall the gun went off and the
ball from the weapon struck Marcus
Dean, a trifling negro, who was stand-
ing near, just grazing his forehead.
The hurt was only a flesh wound and
it is fortunate that whisky and a pistol
in the hands of a fool did not do more
damage. Dr. Taublie dressed the
wound and the negro is able to go
about as usual.

Teachers' Association.

The second Teachers' County Asso-
ciation met at Side View, Saturday,
Oct. 26, 1894.

The meeting was called to order by
the Sup't. I. F. Horton. We are sorry
to say the attendance was small.
Our teachers do not take sufficient
interest in the association. It is a com-
paratively new feature in Kentucky,
and it deserves the hearty co-opera-
tion of the teachers.

Those present were highly enter-
tained, first, by Prof. Marvin, on
physiology.

Prof. Marvin advocates the chart as
an assistance to the textbook. He
says the subject can be more clearly
presented, and more thoroughly un-
derstood if the pupils are required to
diagram it. He has certainly made a
study of this project, as his splendid
explanation proved.

Mrs. Wilson then gave an instruc-
tive talk upon "How I teach United
States History." She is a born teach-
er, and herself was discussed in a
clever manner.

Primary Geography was next dis-
cussed by Misses Willoughby and Dal-
lis.

Miss Dallas puts the theory—when
a child can bring the three senses—
hearing, feeling, and touch—into play
upon an object, he seldom, if ever, for-
gets the impression thus received—in
to practice in teaching Geography.
She has her pupils visit the creek
and point out capes, islands, straits,
etc.

After a few minutes general dis-
cussion the meeting adjourned. XX X

NOTICES.

To whom it may concern:
All persons having claims against
the estate of J. M. Armstrong are
hereby notified that I will sit to re-
ceive claims against said estate, from
November the 5th to December 19th,
1894, at the store-house of W. P. Old-
ham & Co., in Mt. Sterling, Ky.

Notice is also hereby given that I
have already filed a list of the claims
herefore presented and allowed
against said estate, in the Montgom-
ery County Court.

J. W. BURROUGHS,
Attorney for J. M. Armstrong,
15-4

Those receiving money from the
New Farmers' Bank should call on T.
F. Rogers, Agent, Safety Building &
Loan Company, for safe investments.
14-5

Elder J. B. Greenwade will preach
at Sideview next Sunday morning,
Nov. 11.

Call and
see

THOS. KENNEDY,

The Leading
Druggist.

The best of
everything at
reasonable prices.



Put your X inside the square at the Roosters feet, and your vote will not fail to be correctly counted.

The oyster supper intended to be held at Somerset Thursday night is postponed indefinitely, we are requested to state.

At the first Presbyterian church Sunday there were two delightful services. Rev. Arrick preached excellent sermons and the music was very fine.

The ladies of the Southern Presbyterian church will give the supper evening of the Chrysanthemum Show, Friday and Saturday, Nov. 9th and 10th.

The ladies of the Southern Presbyterian church will have an exchange the day before Thanksgiving. Due notice will be given. Everything suitable for that day.

The Democrats in New York say Hill will be elected by 21,825 plurality. The Republicans say Morton will be elected by 55,125 plurality. The outsider may take his choice.

On Saturday next all lovers of flowers are earnestly requested to meet at the Commercial Club room, for the purpose of effecting an organization, which shall be for the purpose of increasing interests in floral culture, etc.

Mrs. W. T. Sanderson is quite sick with bronchial trouble. Mrs. Sanderson is a stranger within our walls, a good Christian woman and our people should see her at her home, comfort sympathize, and administer to her wants.

Listen! The Republicans are full of yarns. They claim that leading Democrats will vote for them in order to stimulate others who are unsuspecting. We have run these stories down and find them false. Democrats will not vote for the negro gang.

At the Ministers meeting Monday morning it was arranged to hold the annual Thanksgiving service in the Southern Presbyterian church, Rev. C. J. Nugent is to preach the sermon and Rev. A. J. Arrick is to make the appeal for the associated charities.

A Fire Insurance Policy

EXECUTED by the least responsible men in the country will answer every purpose until a fire occurs, then comes the trouble; but if you want insurance that protects at all times insure with

A. HOFFMAN,
The leading Insurance Agent of Eastern Kentucky.

ASSAULTED!

ADAM BAUM ASSAULTED BY HENRY WATSON.

Watson's Charge a Grave One— Baum Denies the Charge.

Both Members of the City Government.

On Sunday night, about 9 o'clock, people who were near the corner of Main street and Broadway were surprised to see Henry Watson, Councilman from the Second ward, assaulting with a cane, Adam Baum, Mayor of the city. Mr. Baum had been to the post office and had started back to his home. When near the corner mentioned he met Henry Watson, who stopped him, after a few words, began assaulting him with a heavy cane. The blows fell thick and fast, and though Baum made an attempt to defend himself, he was badly beaten, when his assailant escaped with few injuries.

Watson's story is that some fifteen days ago his wife sent his ten-year-old daughter to Baum's store with an order for groceries, and after giving the order, she told Mr. Baum that she owned a pet rabbit and wanted a box to keep it in. That Baum took her to the rear of the room, through an archway, into an adjoining room, and after giving her the box took indecent liberties with her person. That the child came home, told her mother, and that the mother telephoned him in Cincinnati to come home. He came in response to the message. That he did not at once act in the matter, but waited because he had been in one trouble and hesitated about getting into more. [Watson killed a negro here some years ago.] Thus he had been away from home a large part of the time since the child reported the matter, and did not meet Baum till Sunday night, when he demanded of him why he had treated his child as he did. That Baum demanded to know how he had treated her, and that upon his detailing the child's story, Baum pronounced the story a lie. That he then told Baum to propose to give him "a d—d good beating," and proceeded to put his threat into execution.

Mr. Baum says it is true the child did come to his store and as true she did ask for a box and that took her to the rear of the store where some empty boxes were and told her to select one. That he patted her on the head, probably on the shoulder, but beyond this the entire story is a lie. That he knew nothing of the matter till Watson attacked him on the street. That he had been about town going to and from his business house each day since the alleged insult and that could have been seen any day and almost all day at his place of business without being waylaid and assaulted in the night. That the only construction he could possibly put on it is that it is a piece of blackmail concocted by Watson in order to, in some manner, wring money from him. Mr. Baum says if the story were true surely Watson would not have waited fifteen days to have avenged the alleged insult to his daughter.

Looked at from any stand point we think the case is an ugly one. We cannot believe that Mr. Baum would be guilty of any such conduct as is charged against him, nor can we see what motive Watson would have for making the assault unless he believed the charge a true one. It is a case that requires official investigation, and it is to be hoped the bottom of the matter may be reached and Mr. Baum fully vindicated, as we cannot help but believe he will be. A warrant has been sworn out against Watson for assault, and his trial set for Friday morning at 10 o'clock.

Catarrh In the Head.

Undoubtedly a disease of the blood, and as such only a reliable blood purifier can effect a perfect and permanent cure. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best blood purifier, and it has cured many very severe cases of catarrh. Catarrh sometimes leads to consumption. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla before it gets into this scrape before he is done with it.

Hood's Pills do not purge, pain or gripe, but act promptly, easily and efficiently. 25c.

**THE ED. C. O'REAR-KIRK CO.,
(Not Incorporated)
Capital Stock \$15,000, all paid in**



Mr. M. Symons
Baltimore, Md.

Run Down

That Tiree Feeling—Severe Headaches, No Appetite

Six Bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla Bring Back New Life.

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass."

"Dear Sirs—Before using Hood's Sarsaparilla I was frequently sick and did not know what the matter was with me. Once I began to feel so tired, I hardly slept, the next I would have a severe headache and so on, not knowing what the next day would bring forth. I did not know what to do."

Was Greatly Run Down.

I tried a good many medicines but they did me no good. Having heard a great deal about Hood's Sarsaparilla I decided to try a bottle. I

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

I am glad to say I soon felt better. I have now used six bottles and feel as well as ever. It has been of great benefit to me as I have regained my appetite."

Never Enjoy Good Health.

I can strongly recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla as an excellent blood medicine." M. SYMONS,
225 Alqueut Street, Baltimore, Maryland.

Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly and effectively, on the liver and bowels. 25c.

Democrats!

Your nominees are honorable men, fairly selected, and regularly declared.

They are entitled to what they deserve, the vote of every Democrat in the county.

Democrats with an ax to grind are surreptitiously, and Republi-

cans boldly charging that the adminis-

tration of the affairs of the county is

in the hands of a "ring," who desire

to perpetuate their control in order

that they may plunder. Your com-

mittee challenges the report. These

statements are lies, perpetrated with malice aforethought. That you may

know that the Democratic adminis-

tration has been honest, and deserves

the approval of all good citizens, we

repudiate the report made by the

Magistrates who have investigated

the matter, and whom you all know

to be absolutely above reproach. Can

you afford to intrust the control of the

fiscal affairs of the county to men who

resort to misrepresentation to secure it?

Democrats, will you be beguiled by such silly tales as supporting the nominees of the Republican party?

Will you disloyal to the nominees

of your own party when they are

good men, and true, and who make

our faithful officers? I cannot be-

lieve you will fall of you date, and

an confident the greatest Democrats

of Montgomery will be, as they have

always been, true to their standard

bearers. The enemy is active and

alert, atmost nightly meetings are

being held by the negroes in town

and at country school houses, addressed

by some one of these Republicans

you areasked to support. Can you

ally yourselves with such parties?

The committee appeals to every

Democratic voter to do his whole duty.

Vote and work for the success of the

whole ticket. Be loyal and vigilant.

Let every Democrat feel his personal responsibility for party success, and victory is assured.

H. FRENCH, Ch'm.

REPORT OF THE FINANCIAL CONDITION OF THE COUNTY.

The underigned Committee were appointed by the Montgomery County Court at its October term, 1894, to make a report upon the financial condition of Montgomery county. After examining the records of said Court, we make the following report:

In the year 1853 the County issued \$200,000 of said bonds bearing six per cent. interest, and due in ten years, having paid \$14,000 unpaid and not refunded, which \$14,000 was paid in July 1887 by M. S. Tyler, Treasurer of the Sinking Fund.

In January, 1893, the County refunded \$73,000 (of the said \$120,000) with six per cent. interest, due in ten years with the privilege of running them forty years. The balance of \$17,000 having been paid by M. S. Tyler, Treasurer of the Sinking Fund.

In January, 1882, the County issued \$50,000 bonds bearing six per cent. interest, and due in fifteen years to the E. L. & B. S. Railroad. We also find there are \$8,000 Court House bonds, \$200 of which bonds are due January 1, 1895, and \$6,000 are due January 1, 1899, which makes the bonded debt of the County at this date as follows:

E. L. & B. S. Railroad	50,000 00
Bonds, six per cent., due in January, 1897 \$	50,000 00
L. & B. S. Railroad	
10 1/2 bonds, five per cent.	73,000 00
Court House bonds, six per cent., due January, 1895 2,000 00	
Court House bonds, six per cent., due January, 1899 6,000 00	
Total bonded debt... \$ 131,000 00	

We find balance in the hands of the Treasurer of the Sinking Fund, January 1, 1894, \$8,434.71, which with a tax of 28 cents levied this year, is to be applied to the payment of the \$50,000 bonds and interest due January 1, 1897.

We find the balance in the hands of the County Treasurer, April 3, 1894, \$2,632.56, out of which we find he has been directed by the Court to pay the \$2,000 Court House bonds, due January 1, 1895.

We have examined the reports of the County Treasurer and the Treasurer of the Sinking Fund from the year 1887 up to date, and find them both correct.

HENRY JONES,
W. H. PREWITT,
T. W. BARROW,
T. H. HIGHLAND,
October 19, 1894. Committee.

That splendid two-story brick, coal, feed and grain stand on West High street, for rent. Apply to T. F. Rogers.

14-5

HOOD'S AND ONLY

Hood's Sarsaparilla is the medicine for you. Because it is the best blood purifier.

HOOD'S CURES



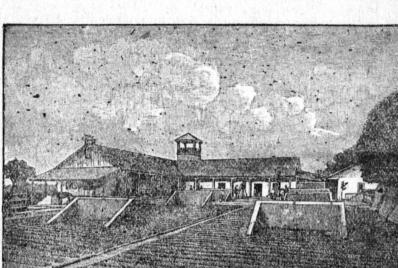
Tired, Weak, Nervous Could Not Sleep.

Prof. L. D. Edwards, of Preston, Idaho, says: "I was weak, down, weak, nervous and irritable from overwork—I suffered from brain fatigue, mental depression, etc. I became so weak and nervous that I could not sleep, I would arise tired, discouraged and blue. I began taking

Dr. Miles' Nervine and now everything is changed. I sleep soundly, am bright, active and amiable. I can do more now than I used to do in a week. For this great good I give Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine the sole credit.

It Cures."

Dr. Miles' Nervine is sold on a positive guarantee that the first bottle will benefit you. Price \$1.60. Order by mail or will be sent by express, except by post by the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.



SCENE ON A COFFEE PLANTATION CONTROLLED BY CHASE & SANBORN.
OUR COFFEES HAVE A NATIONAL REPUTATION REPRESENTING THE FINEST GROWN.

SEAL BRAND COFFEE JAVA and MOCHA, the richest and strongest coffee in the world. Justly called The Aristocratic Coffee of America. Always packed in 1 and 3 lb. cans.

Served Exclusively at the Worlds' Fair.

FREE. A perfect Art Album containing 24 beautiful photographs representing Tea and Coffee culture will be given to all visitors to the Fair.

CHASE & SANBORN, 55 & 57 BROAD ST., BOSTON.

Chiles-Thompson Grocery Co.

Sole Agents for Eastern Kentucky.

THE OLD GATEKEEPER.

As you tugged from the town, and the valley down,
Looked onward and up by the broad a brook,
There lay on the sight such a tiny abode,
The gatehouse that stood at the bend in the road.

Long, long to the hill with its sheltering boughs
It had come as a welcome to its nest,
And never came a night but its windows gleamed
With a welcome flung out at the bend in the road.

The quaintness of mortals had lodging there,
With the dream of a dimple abiding in his chin,
And a bow like a prince, which he fondly be-
持着, when he hung wide the gate at the bend of the road.

Though his stock was astow and his wig was gray,
The laugh and theuster that leaped from his lips,
Told the heart held the love of his kind-for its code.

The old man stood at the bend in the road.
He would brood by the hour o'er his ease who-
dow box,
With its old fashioned blossoms, sweet William and phlox.

Yet the old man always fed and the mirth ever
flowed.

When a wanderer paused at the bend in the road,
He told his story, 'twas whispered, and was

Had received the fair favor of his hopes at last.

And yet to the last he made light of his load,

The old man was little man at the bend in the road.

Now he sleeps his last sleep, though in memory still,
See his best figure lean over the sill.

John goes to the methouse, his cheery cloak,
While the grave waves its green at the bend in the road.

—Clinton Scardell.

SAVED BY A WOMAN.

Pursuant to a special order issued by the president of the Confederate states, an army of 12,000 veterans, cavalry and mounted infantry entered Missouri under the command of Major General Sterling Price on Sept. 12, 1864. I was assigned to duty as its chief engineer, a most unwelcome service to me, as the war in that section had degenerated into a fierce vendetta, and for three years bands of armed marauders marching under the flag of the confederacy had committed atrocities which stamped the state as the sink of American civilization.

The prime action of that expeditionary force was to subvert the loyal state government and establish it in stead an administration friendly to the Confederate states. To that end we were accompanied by Governor Thomas C. Reynolds, who claimed to be its chief magistrate by virtue of an election held among our Missouri troops in 1862, and he was a candidate for re-election in the canvass then in progress. So far as the actual exercise of any gubernatorial function was concerned, he resembled that shadow of a machine in the domain of Pluto who perpetually places the shadow of a harness in the shadows of stately steeds and casts the shadow of a royal coach with the shadow of a brush.

On Sept. 26, soon after sunrise, I rode with the advance brigade, and as it halted on a lofty ridge I looked down upon the valley of Arcadia, studded with its adjacent towns of Arcadia, Ironton and Pilot Knob, their church spires glittering in the early morning sun. But of course, interested more than in the beauty of the landscape was the long line of hills, tipped with steel, on the crests of the hills that commanded the narrow entrance to the valley known as Shut-in gap. We learned from citizens that the force that stood ready to contest our advance consisted of Missourians troops and five companies of the Fourteenth Iowa infantry, numbering about 500 men, under the command of Major James Wilson of the Third Missouri cavalry.

He had been compelled to stand with skill and courage and exacted a bloody toll for each step of our advance. We, however, gradually forced him back through the gap and held it at nightfall. On the next morning we drove the same force through Pilot Knob pass and compelled it to seek shelter in a large earthwork called Fort Davidson.

In resisting our advance through the pass Major Wilson was captured, with six of his men, and they were all barbarously murdered a few hours later by soldiers of Marmaduke's division, led by one of their field officers.

Fort Davidson was a strong hexagonal redoubt located on the swelling of a wide plateau and distant some 500 yards from the mountain slopes on the south and east. It had a command of nine feet above the plateau and was surrounded by a dry ditch 10 feet in width and 7 feet in depth, 100 yards from the fort from its mouth and seven rods in circumference. Its armament consisted of four 32 pounder siege guns, three 24 pounder howitzers, three 12 inch Coehorn mortars and four 6 pound field pieces, all mounted on barbettes—that is, not under bombproof shells. I saw that it was largely over-garrisoned, being occupied by 1,000 or 1,200 men and some 20 horses, although designed for a garrison of 500 or 600 men.

General Price commanded by Brigadier General Thomas Ewing, Jr., of Ohio, who was every inch a gentleman and a soldier. General Price sent in a white flag and demanded the uncondi-

tional surrender of the fort and garrison.

General Ewing's answer was: "I decline to accede to your demand. The duty of the garrison of this fort is not to surrender, but to defend it."

General Price decided to take it by assault. The assaulting columns, aggregating 3,600 rank and file, advanced to the attack at 2 p.m. and were met with a deadly fire as soon as they reached the fort. The soldiers fell like leaves. The walls of battle crumbled and the swiftly borne back, shattered and bleeding, upon its crimson crest. In 15 minutes we lost 1,064 officers and men killed and wounded. The attacking force, on arriving within 60 yards of the fort, caught sight of the ditch, and believing it impassable, thought it could readily have been crossed, retired in disorder.

General Price, seeing that he had solved that the garrison should be renewed and designated 6 o'clock the next morning as the hour. He wisely, however, ordered that the artillery should co-operate in the attack and continue its fire until the assaulting columns reached the ditch. For that purpose eight guns were planted on Shepherd's mountain.

It was ordered to prepare 160 scaling ladders. I was engaged with the other officers in the preparation of these ladders for the execution of that order when the execution of the sentence was delayed until about 8 o'clock at night, when a carriage drawn by a pair of fine horses was driven up to within a few yards of where I stood. A staff officer whom I shall designate as Captain X., standing in a group of four other officers, who were looking on at the work advanced, and handed two ladies out of the carriage. It appeared from their mutual greetings that they had met that morning at the seminary.

We were all duly presented to the new arrivals, the name of the elder being given as Mrs. R. and that of the younger as Miss H., a young lady perhaps 18. They were accompanied by their brother, a handsome youth of 15 or 16, on horseback. Mrs. R. was apparently 23 or 24 years of age. I thought her one of the most beautiful women I had ever seen. After conversing with us for 15 or 20 minutes she stated that she had been sent to the seminary situated in Arcadia valley about two miles beyond Pilot Knob, from a visit to her youngest sister, who was a pupil at the seminary, and that fearing that she might be turned back by our sentinels on the road, she proposed calling upon General Price and soliciting a pass.

She was informed that General Price's headquarters were over a mile away from her road and would be unable to reach with a carriage, and Captain X. volunteered to escort her through our lines.

The offer was graciously accepted, and she requested her brother to place her saddle on the horse. I then noticed that she wore a riding habit, which, being of dark cloth and looped up at the skirt, appeared to be a walking dress. All the officers bussed themselves equipping the horse, and when they had done sauntered into her seat with the aid of a camp stool, bade us goodby with a smile that the sentinels could not fail to notice.

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A TRUSTY GUARDIAN.

Bex's Broad Grin Was Not to Be trifled With by strangers.

Moving to Australia in 1851, I visited a party of friends in the Bex goldfields in Australia, where I was cordially welcomed. Among the valued possessions of my friends was an English mastiff, which belonged to one of the gentlemen.

The good understanding between myself and the master appeared to have been so well established that on the next day I left the claim where my friends were at work to fetch a kettle of tea from the tent without the least misgiving to my reception by him. Rex was always allowed to run loose, came forward to meet me. He allowed me to stroke his head, and so on. I think he did so, that he might be in my movements as I entered the tent and took a drink of the tea, but when I started to leave the tent with the kettle of tea in my hand, imagine my astonishment when I saw the supposed friend Rex fawning and showing his teeth in a very threatening way. I put down the kettle, seated myself on the other side of the bed and spoke to him. He wagged his tail and looked so friendly that I thought I must have made a mistake about his intentions. Not at all.

The moment I attempted to leave the tent with the kettle I had reason to know that Rex's broad grin was no mere courtesy. The contractor signed that he would see to his just as he understood it. I stalked him again, set down the kettle and attempted to leave without it. Still Rex objected. He had his doubts and determined to give his master the benefit of them. There was no help for it. I was held prisoner and could do nothing but sit down and wait impatiently for the rest of the party to come to my relief. No one came until nearly two hours later, by which time my long absence had caused my friends to suspect that I was being held prisoner by Rex. I bore the dog no grudge for his faithful zeal, and in a few days found he would let me come and go and take whatever I wished.—St. Nicholas.

Atmospheric Curios.

If we were possible for one to rise above the stratum of air which surrounds the planet earth, the sun would appear to the observer as a huge, shiny, overblown ball of fire, and every object seen through it would be impenetrable darkness. This is true because we know that there could be no sensation of light conveyed to the brain without an atmosphere for the sun's rays to act upon. But, on the contrary, if the earth's atmosphere extended to a height of 700 miles instead of 45 or 50, as is probably the case, the sun's heat and rays could never penetrate it.

Had such a change been the state of things "in the beginning," this earth would never have been populated with its varied forms of animal life. But should such a state of affairs accidentally occur, the result would be some unknown agency every vestige of animal life would perish from the face of the earth in a very short time, and the terrors of starvation would be augmented a thousand fold by the fact that everything would be wrapped in darkness darker than the blackest midnight.—St. Louis Republic.

To Fill On the Checks.

Most faces that are thin are apt to be hollow between the upper and lower jaws, and two exercises are recommended for filling out the checks. Take two small pieces of rubber, such as come at the ends of lead pencils, and insert one end of each piece between the upper and lower, the back teeth. Close the teeth on them and chew, spreading the teeth only just far enough to keep the rubbers in their places and shutting them with all the force possible. After this put the forefingers in the mouth and rub against the cheek, pressing it firmly in every way, continuing the exercise in every part of the face. It is said that by regularly following facial exercises daily the face may be kept rounded and firm in its outlines, and that even old and relaxed muscles may be greatly strengthened and improved.—America.

His Sense of Honor.

A Russian peasant was, for some offense or other, declared to have forfeited all special rights and privileges. The full gravity of the punishment was brought home to him as follows:

"Furthermore you can never be appointed headman of your village (the most undesirable office), nor be called as a witness (he bowed again), nor serve on a jury (another bow); nor enlist as a soldier."

The peasant bowed deeper still and said:

"Your honor, would it not be possible to relieve me of the duty of paying taxes?"

Another question is to the effect that the peasant expressed his thanks and earnestly pleaded:

"Could you not manage at the same time to relieve my son Mikolai of these rights?"—Sewernski Westlink.

Overdoing It.

"I like to see a man think a good deal of his home," said old Mrs. Johnson, "but when he stays out all night to bring home how happy a home he has! I think he is carrying his affection a little too far."—Indianapolis Journal.

THE HINDOO'S RELIGION.

We Will Inflict Tortures on Himself For Fun, but Never Kills a Mosquito.

Asia is the land of all things, and the virtues of penance are the rest, but the virtue is still honored in, even in western Europe. The writer has seen a gentleman of Bengal, remarkable at once for wealth and fatness, crawling, stretched at full length, along a road before the image of Juggernaut, suffering, in fact, torture such as no one would inflict upon a convict. And he has known one of his own clerks, a man of singular ability and bonhomie, who had been struck through the death of an oxen, with a conviction of sin committed in a past existence departed *et cetera* once for Boares to live there on alms, seated as naked Sisyphus, covered with dust by the holy river's side. There are thousands of men in India at this moment who under this impulse are enduring tortures, or making painful pilgrimages or living the lives of hermits in the forest.

The sound aid is ceremonial purity, the living by rigid rules of life, which are almost interloquely preserved which preserves that a Catholic bishop would call his "sanctity" and which the Hindoo believes may be preserved to every member of his crew who will walk according to his law.

With the majority the search for ad degenerates, as it did among the Hebrews, into a reverence for meaningless ceremonial, chiefly restrictive, which to men who are free of burden seems positively silly.

With a majority, a small minority, however, have a singular refinement and characters with something of divine grace and beauty.

One such Hindoo it was the writer's privilege to know intimately, and he is assured, though his friend never killed a mosquito, but always blew it off, that few Christians have rivaled him in the perfectness of his daily life.

The third aid, which has for the Hindoo unbounded value, is external, and consists in what to make it intelligent to the body to call for

anything, grass, coming from the divine potentiality residing in certain places, say Benares, as the one best known here, or in rivers such as the Ganges, or even in persons such as the few living saints whose touch confers some degree of vitalizing merit.

There are temples and even trees living under which renders it, in Hindoo opinion, easier to be "pure"—that is, to live the life through which alone man can attain to a better life and ultimately to absorption.

—London Spectator.

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What It Doesn't Take.

"One time on a canvass in my district," remarked a well known member of congress, "I stopped with a man who had been a lawyer and a man of considerable influence, but he had foolishly thrown away his chance for success by taking to liquor and bad company. I told him that he must change his ways, more than any one else, and after I left him to go to bed I overheard him talking to his wife, who, womanlike, still had confidence in him."

"Mary," he said, "I might have been a congressman if I had had some sense."

"Lord, John," she replied encouragingly, "it doesn't take sense to be a congressman."—Detroit Free Press.

A Natural Error.

Over the telephone, "Is this Bonds & Co.?"

"Yes. What is it?"

"We have found that ciprofloxacin of yours got lost. This is the telegraph which I told you."

"Well, we have took it over to the office of The Decade Magazine. When the tracer found it there, they had it in type. Thought it was a new poem. Had the toughest kind of work getting them to give it up."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A Considerate Husband.

Over the telephone, "Is this Bonds & Co.?"

"Yes. What is it?"

"We have made arrangements by which we can furnish this paper and the twice-a-week New York World all for only \$1.50 a year. Here is the opportunity to get your own local paper and the New York World twice every week at extraordinarily low rates."

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Professor Schweninger Bismarck's Physician, Tells How to Reduce Flabby Skin.

He will inflict tortures on himself for fun, but never kills a mosquito.

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**HORSE AND TRACK.**

Seven year-olds by Axtell have entered the 2:30 list this year.

Directum, 2:05½, will be shipped to California sometime next week.

Ralph Wilke, 2:06, holds the record for five-year-old trotting stallions. Joe Patchen, 2:04, is still on the go, as Jack Curry has him down in Texas.

Directum, 2:7½, is the fastest performer of the year that began the season without a record.

Coy Boat, 2:10½; Reward J., 2:10½; Coastman, 2:09, and Bourbon Patch, 2:09, are all by Bourbon Wilkes.

Thirty-three horses have trotted in 2:30 or better, and all but two—Palo Alto, 2:08½, and Pamlico, 2:10—are taken.

The Village Farm horses have arrived in Buffalo. The stable won about \$75,000 this year, nearly one-third of that amount being credited to Robert J.

Alix will be wintered in California.

She will be turned out to grass for a time, and when she comes East next spring Monroe Salisbury took her for to place the world's record at 2:02 or thereabout.

Shadeland Oward, 2:18½, foaled in 1893, is the sire of three pacers with records better than 2:10. These are Outline, 2:04; Onionton, 2:07½; and Fred K., 2:09½. Shadeland Oward, we believe, is the youngest sire of three in the 2:10 list.

There were but four miles in 2:10 or better during the past week, all by pacers, which brings the total number of fast miles for the season to 250, which is but twenty-three short of the number made in all previous years.

Dan T. Morris, the clever young horseman of Paris, Ky., started horses in twenty-four races this season, winning five and getting money out of fourteen others. He will have about a dozen horses in his next string, too.

Eleven trotters entered the 2:10 list this year. They are Ralph Wilkes, 2:06½; Ryland T., 2:07½; Trevillian, 2:08½; Azote, 2:08½; Horbe Wilkes, 2:08½; Lord Clinton, 2:08½; Magnolia, 2:09½; Strader H., 2:09½; Dan Cupid, 2:09½; Elard, 2:09½; and Pamlico, 2:10.

R. Boyleson Hall says to stop a horse from forging "shoo with a perfectly plain shoe, of even thickness from heel to toe, and I'll vow that he won't forge and will go faster and with less fatigue to joints, tendons, muscles, heart, and lungs."

Tommy Dunbar, who drove Vera Capel to victory in the 2:11 pace at the late Lexington meeting, carried the 13 on his harness, drew 13th position, started on Friday, paid \$13 for the mare; in a pool of \$213, finished the race October 13, and had to beat 2:13 three times to win. Who said 13 was an unlucky number?

Louisville Tobacco Market.

Sales on our market for the week just closed, amount to 1,412 hds., with receipts for the same period, 463 hds. Sales on our market since January 1st, amount to 143,904 hds. Sales of the crop of 1893 on our market to date amount 142,911 hds.

The sales on our market this week have been small, and there is no material change to note in prices for any grade. Sales of new burley (this year's crop) on our market amount to 29 hds., the highest price this far realized being \$11.76 per hundred. The recent rains will no doubt result in increased offerings of the new crop in the coming week. We change quotations some grades.

The following quotations fairly represent our market for burley tobacco (1893 crop):

Trash. (Dark or damaged tobacco) \$2.00 to \$3.20.

Common color trash, \$3.00 to \$4.00.

Medium to good color trash, \$4.00 to \$5.00.

Common lugs, not color, \$3.50 to \$4.50.

Common color lugs, \$4.30 to \$6.00.

Medium to good color lugs, \$6.00 to \$7.50.

Common to medium leaf \$6.50 to \$8.50.

Medium to good leaf, \$8.50 to \$14.00.

Good to fine leaf, \$14 to \$18.

Select wrapper leaf, \$18 to \$25.00.

Glover & Durrett.

News from the Eleventh Kentucky district is that Colson's prosecution of County Clerks for disobeying the injunction and leaving his name off of the ballots has driven White's vote almost solidly to Adams.

HORRY M. GATEWOOD.

I hereby offer my services to the public as auctioneer and will appreciate any sale entrusted to me. I give as a reference the business men of this city and county.

HORRY M. GATEWOOD.

The best save in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever, sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corus, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by W. S. Lloyd.

19-1f

A Card.

I hereby offer my services to the

public as auctioneer and will appre-

ciate any sale entrusted to me. I

give as a reference the business men

of this city and county.

J. H. EVANS,

Master Commissioner Clark Circuit Court.

Mr. Ed. Gallagher, who was defeated for the nomination for Assessor, was in to see us Saturday. He wanted us and the party to know he is a Democrat, not because he wanted preferment, but because his faith is in the principles of the party that he is for the party nominees, and that he cheerfully supports every one of them, because they are Democrats in his own platform.

Pastor Gill presided at the Baptist church Sunday morning and evening before large congregations. Three persons were received into the church.

For Sale or Exchange.

A nice piece of residence property on Harrison Avenue which for sale on easy terms. Will take as part payment on the property, four or five good horses. Inquire at this office.

15-4t

DO YOU WANT TO BUY ORSELL**A COW.****A FARM.****A HORSE.****A HOUSE.****A TOWN LOT.****CORN, OATS, HAY.**

Or anything that a man has to buy or sell. Place an advertisement in the ADVOCATE, and find purchaser or a seller.

Commissioner's Sale.**Clark Circuit Court, Kentucky.**

HENRY F. JUDY, Plaintiff,
against EQUITY

ANDREW JUDY, &c., Defendants.

By virtue of a judgment and order of sale of the Clark Circuit Court, rendered at the September Term thereof, 1894, in the above cause, I shall proceed to offer for sale at the Court House door in Winchester, Ky., to the highest bidder, at Public Auction, on

Monday, Nov. 26th, 1894,

at 2 o'clock, p.m. or thereabout (being County Court day), upon a credit of six and twelve months, the following described property, to wit:

A Certain Tract of Land

situated in Clark County, Ky., on and near the Winchester and Mt. Sterling turnpike road, and bounded as follows: Beginning at an iron pin in the middle of the Winchester and Mt. Sterling turnpike road corner to Henry F. Judy and W. M. Clark, thence with the line of said Judy N. W., 149 poles to a stone corner, S. 72° W., 46-3-10 poles to a stone corner, N. W., 15-3-100 poles to a stone corner to John Besuden and Henry F. Judy, thence with the line of said Besuden S. W., 52-9-10 poles to the end of a stone fence, thence N. 19° W., 79-100 poles to the angle of a stone fence corner, thence S. 71° W., 22 poles to a stake near where a gate post stood, S. 71, W., 28-9-10 poles to a stake at the end of a stone fence near the branch, S. 49° W., 20-5-10 poles to a stake in the Cave spring branch, S. 69° W., 8-4-10 poles to a stake corner, S. 80 degrees 10 minutes, W., 31-4-100 poles to a stake in the N. W., 73, W., 3-4-10 poles to a fence post corner, S. 164, W., with a line of post and rail fence 84½ poles to a point in the middle of the Winchester and Mt. Sterling turnpike road bearing S. 164, W., from a stone post thence meandering the middle of said road S. 69, W., 45-7-100 poles, S. 58½, W., 28 poles, S. 57½, E. 24 poles, S. 36, E. 4 poles, S. 63½, E. 22-7-10 poles, S. 73, E. 9-5-10 poles, S. 80, E. 22 poles, S. 77, E. 17-5-10 poles, S. 84, E. 8 poles, S. 84, E. 10-5-10 poles to the beginning, containing two-hundred and one acres and one rod of land.

The above tract of land is in a high state of cultivation. Is situated on one of the best pieces of land and in one of the best neighborhoods. About 44 miles from Winchester.

For the purchase price the purchaser, with approved security or securities, must execute bond, bearing legal interest from the day of sale until paid, and having the force and effect of a judgment. Bidders will be prepared to pay promptly with these terms.

The above property will first be offered in two tracts and then as a whole.

J. H. EVANS,

Master Commissioner Clark Circuit Court.

The Lexington Fall Races.

Meeting will be held November 12th to 19th.

The Queen & Crescent Route is the short and direct line to Lexington. 4 daily trains from Cincinnati. Free Parlor Cars. One and one-third fare for round trip from Cincinnati and stations in Kentucky every day of races, good till November 21st to return.

Be sure you get tickets via the Q. & C. Chas. W. Zell, D. P. A., Cincinnati O. W. C. Rinerson, G. P. A., Cincinnati, O.

The subscription price of the Advocate is \$1, when paid in advance. If allowed to run six months the price is \$1.50

tfr.

15-4t

PUBLIC SALE!

We will sell at Thompson's livery stable, in Mt. Sterling, on

Saturday November 10, 1894.

the following property:

1 pair of work mules,

5 two-year-old mares,

1 five-year-old by horse, a good one, enough gentle for a lady to drive.

1 three-year-old filly, with Woodford's Cripple, a topsy saddle.

1 nice saddle gelding three-years-old.

1 nice harness gelding, three-years-old. Besides other stock.

Sale to begin at 2 p.m. Terms made known on day of sale.

DENNIS & MICHAEL GUILFOIL.

LINCOLN TEA

TRADE MARK.

BEST IN THE WORLD!

Without a rival for keeping the system in a healthy condition. Cures Constipation, stimulates the Liver and Kidneys. It has no equal as a Complexion Beautifier. Cures Headache and is unequalled for Dyspepsia.

Lincoln Tea. Price 25c. Send your name, or Lincoln Tea Co., P. O. Wayne, Ind.

FOR SALE BY THOS. KENNEDY.



This firm is reliable.—Publishers Advocate.

**DO YOU WANT TO GET WELL?**

Take Matchless Mineral Water!

THE WONDER OF THE AGE.

The Wonder of the Age

One and Two Quarts have cured cases of Typhoid, Inflammation, Diabetes, Disease of the Heart, &c.

Stomach Derangement. The Greatest Natural Tonic and Blood Purifier in the World. See Dr. D. Vial's.

Dear Sirs:—The Matchless Mineral Water in my hands has cured me of many diseases. I have used it in my practice for nervous diseases, dyspepsia and insomnia. The quick effect has been wonderful. All I have to say is, it is a great wonder, nothing like it.

At 25¢ a bottle it is a great value. Write us for Analysis and full particulars. Parties desiring to buy this water should do well by writing to us for terms, etc. Address: DR. D. VIAL & CO., General Solicing and Distributing Agents, 155 FIFTH ST., LOUISVILLE, KY.

Main Street — MT. STIRLING, KY.

BARGAINS**IN****Real Estate.**

A farm of 20 acres on Brush Creek, one and a half mile from Camargo. Good dwelling, orchard, and well watered. All in grass except 5 acres.

9 lots on Piney Creek, adjoining Water Works, 30x180 feet. Nine building lots, well located.

1 lot 20 feet front on Queen street, adjoining A. T. Wood & J. G. Trimble.

House and lot on Queen street, easy terms.

20 lots 20 feet on Highland Park, adjoining Smithville. \$10 cash and balance \$4 per month.

All the above real estate for sale at a bargain, and on easy terms. Apply to

JOHN B. PHIPPS & CO., Tyler-Apperson Building.

MT. STIRLING, KY.

Blue Grass Nurseries.**Orchard. • Lawn. • Garden.****Potatoes Wanted.**

We want a few loads of choice Irish Potatoes.

CHILES-THOMPSON GROCERY CO. 13-2t

Register

To-day or to-morrow. This will be your last chance.

Fresh horses and new rigs the best in the city at the livery stable of Settles Bros., east High street.

11-3t

POSITIONS GUARANTEED

unquestionable conditions. Our 96 page catalogue will explain why we can afford to do this.

Draughon's Practical Business College, Nashville, Tenn. Write for catalog.

Book-keeping, Short-hand, Penmanship and Telegraphy. We spend more money in the interest of our students than any other college. Tuition \$100. Board \$15. Books \$10. Textbooks \$10. Tuition \$100. Board \$15. Books \$10. Recently prepared books especially adapted to HOME STUDY.

Send on 60 dollars with application. We pay \$5. cash for all vacancies as book-keepers, stenographers, teachers, clerks, etc., reported as fit, provided all names